

Arizona Silver Belt.

Friday, December 27, 1878.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN CAMP.

By Donald Robb.

Pile on the huge oak back-log, boys;
Pile on the limbs of oak;
Send up the red flames leaping
Through the circling wreaths of smoke,
Pile on the dried-up cedar,
Let the sparks go spreading wide,
Till they blend in radiant beauty
With the twinkling stars outside.

We have no red bunched berries,
No bunch of mistletoe;
No dancing eyes beam on us,
To shame the camp fire's glow;
We hear no joy bells ringing,
No laughter in the street;
No voice of gentle woman,
No fall of little feet.

We look, but see no snow flakes
In fleecy beauty fall;
But, boys, we'd close our eyes awhile,
And dream we have them all.

O, blissful dreams! O, memories blast!
Your spells around us cast;
Bring back the fading pictures
From out the misty past;
Bring back the black haired mother,
Bring back the many sire,
Bring back the little group that sat
Around the Christmas fire.

O, bridge the years that on have swept
With ever ceaseless flow—
No touch the pictures that I saw
No many years ago.

And then the later pictures,
When in my manhood's spring
A love grew round about me,
As the twining tendrils cling;
A purer love she gave me
Than coyness from the mine—
The brown haired girl, with browner eyes,
And cheeks of olive tint.

And later still, the little socks
Hung in the chimney's nook;
The folded hands, the quick said prayer,
And eager, restless look;
The steady peeps for Santa Claus,
With hope and heart-filled eye;
And watching all, and happy too,
The brown haired wife and I.

And last of all the parting—
The years have passed away,
And yet I feel its bitterness
As if 'twere yesterday.
O, that the hurrying years could stop!
That I could cease to roam,
And turn my wandering footsteps
To my far Canadian home.

Then 'round the fire the stories went,
The sad tears coursing down;
Young Gordie told of Scotland dear
And Edinboro town;
And Charley's broken English
Was filled with pathos true,
When telling of the Christmas days
Beside the blue-waved Rhine.

And he of Pennsylvania,
The last of this strange four,
Had naught to tell, but then his eyes
With tears were brimming o'er.
He could not speak, so strong for him
Had worked the mighty charm;
And memory had him back again
Upon the old home farm.

And then we sought our blankets,
And everything was still,
Save the moaning of the south wind
Through the cedars on the hill,
And upward on the smoke wreaths
Went the softly murmured prayer,
That God would bless the folks at home,
And bring us once more there.

Apache Mountain, December, 1878.

A REVIEW OF THE PAST YEAR.

By S. G. H—n.

The last twelve months, now nearing their end, have undoubtedly been of greater importance for the history of Globe and its surrounding mining districts than any preceding period, and I deem it most essential to the welfare of our camp, for every one, to set to work at the close of this period and take a review of what we have accomplished, wherein we have failed, and what we ought to make our principal objects for the time to come.

Of what we have accomplished our village and surroundings speak volumes. A year ago the appearance of Globe was certainly not very inviting. A dozen buildings stretched alongside for half a mile formed the principal street, besides of which a man could count another dozen houses back of the street, and Globe was done; but what a change to-day. In the lower part of town every lot is occupied and built on, and further up the street it is difficult to purchase lots at anything reasonable. For, also, here building along side of building have sprung up during the last twelve months. Where a year ago property could be had for almost nothing, it commands to-day a high figure, and why should it not be so? These many substantial structures show most conclusively the intention of the occupants to permanently locate here, and this proof of confidence in the future of our camp has exerted most naturally a beneficial influence on real estate valuation. There never was a wild excitement, a sudden rise, followed by a deep fall; just the contrary we have witnessed here. Only through the grand outlook for a prosperous future which our district offers, through the healthiness of our climate, the beauty of our seasons, have enterprising merchants and numerous families alike

been attracted to Globe, their present home. To what a measure business has increased, is best shown in the increased mail facilities, and by the establishment of a flourishing weekly newspaper some eight months ago, which has aided us greatly in telling the world of our mines; another convincing proof of the stability of our camp has been added, for surely a newspaper man, in the selection of a field for his activity, is to be considered a barometer as to the future of a place. The building of a first class wagon road to McMillen, entirely done through the liberal subscriptions of our citizens and those of McMillen, tends to show the enterprise of the citizens of these two villages.

But now let us turn our looks toward our mines. Certain soreheads will argue that the good times, when silver was found everywhere around here, and could be had for the mere trouble of picking it up and bringing it to the merchant, who would pay so much an ounce for it, were things gone by; that nowadays will be found nothing but low grade ores that hardly would pay to mill. These men certainly do not know whereof they speak, for I challenge the knowledge of every old miner in this camp of a richer silver find in this district at any time than that of the Julius, or the Cox & Coplin, or the Milner & Watson mines—all discoveries of the last year. But, even admitting that these soreheads were correct in their assertion that there is no more pure silver to be found on the surface, what of it? A stranger, a most intelligent man, from the East conversed one day with me on the subject of mining here, and the disadvantages miners had to encounter in this region. He thought that there was plenty of wood and water, that even the seasons could not be wished any more favorable for mining purposes; that there was neither too much snow during the winter, nor too heavy rainfall during the other months to put a serious obstacle to mining and prospecting all the year round. Well, what then do you consider our drawbacks here? I began to ask. It certainly must be a very inconsiderable one, for those which you have just named as not to be found here are generally considered the most serious, and I might say the only drawbacks to successful mining. Very well, he said; now tell me honestly did it never occur to you that the great richness on the very surface of many of your mines presents in its consequences a most serious drawback to rigid development of mines, and consequently such a one for the whole camp. Suppose, he continued, it would be necessary in order to strike any kind of paying ore body to go down say from thirty to one hundred feet, you may believe me there would be quite a different system and style of mining in your camp. For, as it is now, almost everybody is out after pocket, and at the end, instead of having one developed property, he has a number of shallow holes for which he cannot find a buyer. I felt rather surprised after he had finished, for I never had thought of this before, and I must admit that his argument contains a truth we should be guided by in future. Too much of this surface scraping has been going on; too much, altogether. Let everybody be doubly careful in the future in the selection of mining property he intends to develop, and put all his force and energy on this one property and make a mine out of it, and then when buyers come he has something to show. It certainly cannot be no great wonder that capital has been tardy so far in coming to us; for developed property is what capitalists are after, and not mere

prospect holes. But another evil if connected with this pocket mining, namely, as often as one of these pockets is emptied the cry is raised, the mine has given out, and how eagerly San Francisco contemporaries will trumpet this out to the whole world all of us know. But, again, I challenge the knowledge of any of our mining men here to show me or give me the name of a single mine (by this name I understand a property honestly styled so) where the vein has given out and never has come in again. You cannot do it, gentlemen; but, the contrary. I can show you in a Miami, a Silver Era, a Julius, a Champion, a Metamora, a McCormick, etc. As undeveloped as most of our prospects are they have created the most favorable impression on capitalists that came with a view to purchase; and the number of mines that changed hands during the last year, and the prices realized will give us a faint idea of what a showing we could make in the future with developed properties. Another point I wish to mention in connection with the selling of mines, and then I will close this chapter. It cannot have escaped the attention of a close observer that, especially lately, the spirit of jealousy of mine-owners toward each other, prompted through the presence of would-be mine purchasers, has run entirely too high. We should never allow ourselves to misrepresent our neighbors' property for fear that his might become the choice of him whom we sought to become the buyer of our property. Recent cases have happened where capitalists became disgusted through the persistent misrepresentations made by disappointed parties concerning first class mining properties, and resolved rather not to invest at all. Such acts of jealousy are productive of the greatest harm; for does not common sense tell us that every new, enterprising individual coming here with means, whether he buys my property or my neighbor's, adds to the chances of realizing on mine manifold. Therefore, let us in future all pull together toward one common cause—the prosperity of the camp, and I am confident when this done the good results, the golden fruits, will not remain away.

In conclusion, I want to devote a short space to our present milling facilities. On this important subject I am sorry not to be able to say anything encouraging. Notwithstanding the fact that during the last twelve months new mills have been erected, and the crushing capacity greatly increased, the want of machinery to work our ores cheaply is felt as severe as ever. Such rates as are charged here to-day yet for the reduction of ores would sound to Eastern and European men like a fable, and would have any other mining camp surely crushed out of existence long ago. Thousands of tons of good milling ores, assaying from \$40 to \$100, are lying on the dumps for want of facilities to reduce them and leave them who raised them a fair profit. It does not seem as if we could expect from our present institutions a reduction in milling rates, but we hope that our friend Hering will bring about a change.

The value of the bullion produced has been far in excess of anything of former years, and this steady, heavy flow of gold and silver from this camp seems at last to have opened the eyes of Eastern men, as well as California men, as to the merits of our mines. Condensing now all what is said in a few words they would be these: The outlook for Globe as a mining town and center is most encouraging, that of our mines better than ever, and the number of new arrivals which are constantly settling around us confirm all what is said better than any quantity of printer's ink could do it, and I hope nothing more fondly than that in a year from now the record of progress will show as well as that of the past twelve months.

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